

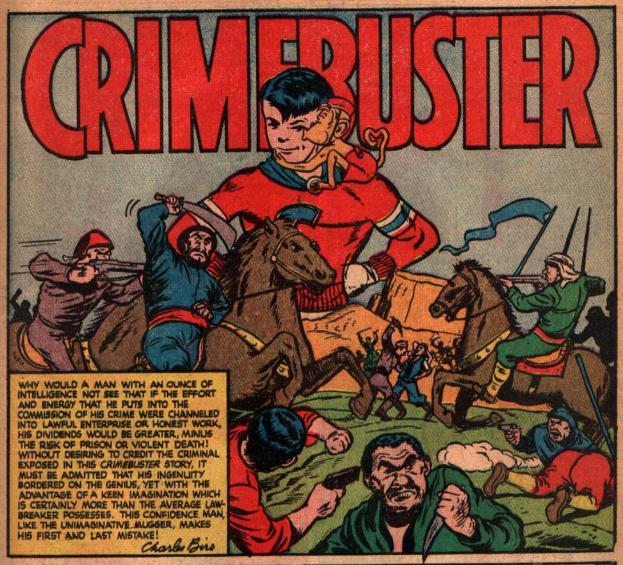








80Y COMICS is published bi-monthly by LEV GLEASON PUBLICA, 'CNS, INC., at 114 East 32nd Street, New York, 16, Nr. 2012 Compared May 17, 1742 Compared May 18, 1742 Compared May









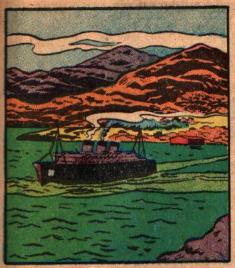














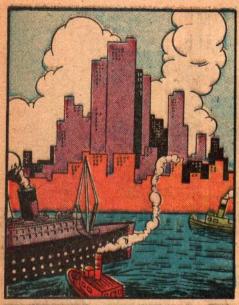








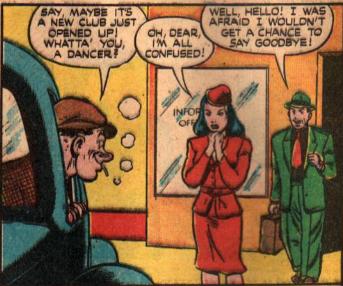


















YOUR -









































































I'M CRIMEBUSTER, PRINCESS!

MR. BARTON, ASKED ME TO

FIND YOU! LOOK,

SUPPOSE WE

FIND A QUIET

PLACE AND HASH

THIS ALL OUT!

CHOICE! GIVE ME



ON THE BOAT COMING HERE, I MET A MAN, A MR. STEEL! WE HAD FUN TOGETHER AND HE ASKED SUPPOSE YOU START FROM THE ME TO CALL HIM UP IF I EVER WANTED TO ACCEPT HIS INVITATION TO BEGINNING! DINNER!



AS YOU KNOW, MY COUNTRY IS IN THE GRIP OF AN ACCOUNTS FOR NOBODY SEEING YOU INTERNAL WAR! WITH ANYBODY SO, ONE EVENING WHILE WE WERE THE HOTEL GO ON!

AS.

THAT









WHY, WHAT

OH, YOU POOR







































THE ALARM'S BEEN SENT

































































THIS IS YOUR PAGE

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

\$200 FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED \$200

Dear Reader:

In every issue of BOY COMICS this page is devoted to your opinions, ideas and suggestions. Since the conception of BOY COMICS we have been guided by two ideals—first the eradication of crime, and second, to give credit to the fearless detectives and officers of the law who daily risk their lives that you and we may live in a more lawful society.

CHARLES BIRO and BOB WOOD, Editors

I am 17 years old and the other day I happened to pick up your magazine by chance. I was really surprised. Your wonderful book maintained my interest from beginning to end. If all comic book stories had morals behind them as yours do, I'm sure the entire publishing industry, as well as the people themselves, would profit by it. A magazine such as yours undoubtedly helps to curb juvenile delinquency and makes this a better country to live in. Congratulations for a job well done and keep up the good work.

Your ardent admirer, Milt Halpern 1300 Patterson St., McKeesport, Pa.

We realize that we hold an important trust, Milt. Millions of the younger impressionable readers can acquire permanent traits from the strong influence of comics. We're determined that these be good ones.

Since comic-books were conceived most have been about gangsters and marvel-men flying down from the skies and doing fantastic and impossible deeds. BOY COMICS, in my opinion, has certainly achieved the goal of being one of the "very few" which are entertaining and do not poison the younger peoples' minds.

Yours truly, Leonard D'Orlando 137 Loring Rd., Winthrop, Mass.

We don't believe any comics are harmful as they are edited today, Lennie. However, what you say regarding BOY COMICS must be so. The quick newsstand sell-outs evidence that fact.

I have just read BOY COMICS, No. 28 and feel that I ought to tell you "what's on my mind." Your comic book contains the true ideals of democracy in every one of its stories. They do not tell of super fantastic adventures but of real, true to life incidents. This makes your magazine tops of them all.

Sincerely, Harold Glantz

We know it's easier to reach the top than to stay there, Hal, so watch BOY COMICS' steady improvement geared with the times.

My mother likes me to read BOY COMICS. She says there's a good lesson in every story. I think CRIMEBUSTER is your best character. How about making BOY COMICS a weekly magazine?

Billy Walters 503 Main St., Hamlet, N. C.

It would be just short of impossible to give you the high standard of quality that BOY COMICS now has at that pace.

Since BOY COMICS is one of my favorites I wish to drop "What's On Your Mind?" a few lines concerning my favorite character, which is CRIME-BUSTER. Charles Biro is to be commended especially on his excellent stories and his covers. Keep up the good work.

> Yours truly, Miss Joanne Garrett Box 18, Purdin, Mo.

A few more letters like yours and I'll be hitting my boss for a raise.

I've just bought my new copy of BOY COMICS. What a grand comic book. It has everything, including the most original plots ever. Only in free America could such a wonderful comic book exist. May BOY COMICS enjoy a long and prosperous life.

Sincerely, Claude Barry Box 642, Sanford, Maine

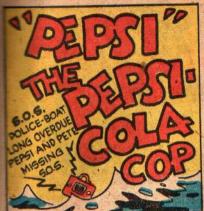
Only in a free country would the people possess the sense of humor for its appreciation.

BOY, DAREDEVIL and CRIME DOES NOT PAY. I like all three. They are on my "Hit Parade" and I don't mean maybe. Best of all, I like the way you express the human emotions of all your characters in DAREDEVIL, that feeling of suspense you display excellently in CRIME DOES NOT PAY; and last but not least the lesson of fair play in BOY COMICS—"Congratulations." A true follower and critic, I remain.

Edward Bogda 115 Harper St., Dunmore 12, Pa.

Your letter bats 1,000 with us.

Letters must be limited to 50 words or less. Address all letters to "What's On Your Mind?"—Boy Comics Publishers, Inc., 114 East 32 Street, New York 16, N. Y.















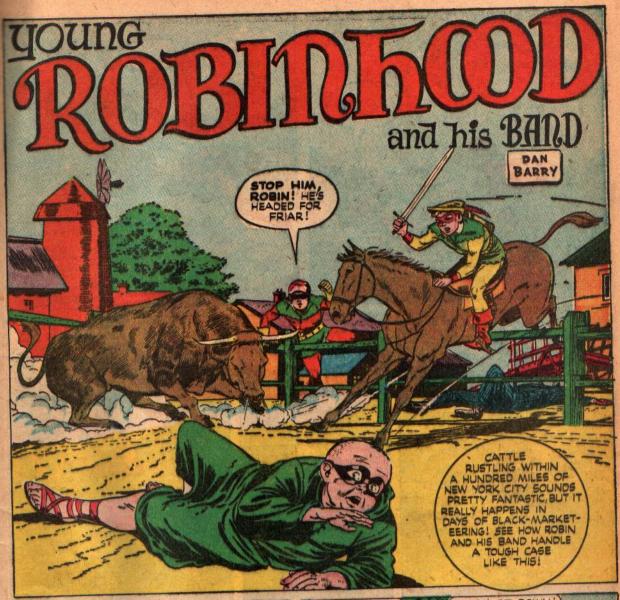






































































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NOT-SO-WILD LIE

A DAREDEVIL STORY

OY, what a way to go on a picnic!" Pee-Wee's eyes shone with delight as he gazed out the window of the little plane at the blue of the lake below.

Daredevil turned and grinned at the Wise Guys packed into the rear seat of the five passenger cabin

"Well, it's about time we got together and had a little fun. We'll be at the other end of the lake in no time, and have that much more opportunity to relax-to say nothing of taking care of the contents of that basket."

Below them the smooth waters of the lake resembled glass. Jock peered ahead at a small island coming into view. "What island is that?"

"Why, I thought everybody knew about Diamond Island," answered Daredevil. "It belongs to Fred Stock, the explorer. No one has ever been ashore there since he bought the place."

"I saw one of his pictures the other day," said

Curly. "He sure is a brave guy."
"Wait a minute, fellows," interrupted Daredevil. Take a look at that cloud over there. Looks

nasty, doesn't it?"

As one, the Wise Guys turned to follow Daredevil's pointing finger. In the distance hung a black, threatening mass. "Oh-oh! There goes our picnic!" Pee-Wee's voice was mournful.

"I think it's a little more serious than that," was Daredevil's reply." It looks like one of those freak summer storms. I have a hunch we'd better put this crate down somewhere - and that means invading Mr. Stock's beloved privacy."

In a matter of moments, Daredevil had expertly landed the little ship on the water and taxied up the narrow beach. As the Wise Guys piled out, a

few large scattered drops of rain fell.

"This is going to be a corker," warned Daredevil. "There's a big overhanging rock at the

edge of the woods. Let's head for that."

As the little group reached the rock, the skies seemed to tear apart, and wind and rain blasted the island in tremendous bursts. "Where's Pee-Wee?" Daredevil glanced around him. "Ah, here he comes-with the 'lunch!"

"Sure," grunted Pee-Wee, "Just 'cause it rains is

no reason to go hungry!"

Daredevil glanced at the turbulent waters and angry sky. "This is no ordinary rain," he said. "Looks more like a hurricane. Hey! There goes the plane!" As he watched, a fierce gust ripped loose the mooring sunk in the soft sand, and the little plane rose before their eyes as if bewitched and flipped over on its back.

"Now I know we'll have to call on Mr. Stock. We'll just have to wait out the storm here, and then find someone and arrange for transportation," Daredevil thought out loud. "I don't think the

storm will last long."

Daredevil was right. The storm had spent its fury before an hour passed, but the damage it had caused in that brief time was immense. Sheltered behind the large rock, Daredevil and the youngsters had seen the waters of the lake lashed to fury, and heard the resounding crash of many a falling tree in the island woods. But in a short time the sun again appeared, and the little band started off in search of some means of transporta-

Daredevil discovered an apparently seldom-used trail and with Pee-Wee darting ahead, they began threading their way through the dense woods.

For perhaps fifteen minutes Daredevil and the boys followed the path through the oddly jungle-like atmosphere. "Funny," Daredevil mused, "I've never seen vegetation like this anywhere near here."

Jock, close behind him, answered. "I was just thinking the same thing," he said. "Looks like

pictures I've seen of Africa."

At that moment Pee-Wee, a dozen yards ahead, disappeared around a sharp twist in the path. Before Daredevil reached the turning, he heard a sharp gasp of terror. Leaping forward, he spun around the turn. The sight that greeted his eyes stopped him in his tracks.

They had reached the edge of a large clearing. In the center of it stood a house, battered and twisted by the storm. Surrounding the house were the bent, broken skeletons of dozens of huge cages. And facing them, not ten yards away in all its

majestic glory, stood a huge lion!

For a moment, Daredevil doubted his eyes, but his voice held no note of indecision. "Stand per-

fectly still, all of you!"

Hardly had he spoken when the lion's magnificent head dropped, his stiffened tail relaxed, and with a rather bored look at the tense little group, he lowered his huge frame to the ground.

"Th-that's a r-real lion-isn't it?" Pee-Wee's

eyes were round as marbles as he spoke.

Daredevil grinned reassuringly as he answered. "It sure is, Pee-Wee! But he seems to be quite harmless-thank heavens. Now let's get over there to the house and see what we can find."

As they crossed the sunny glade, they suddenly became conscious of the chattering of dozens of tiny monkeys in the trees above them. A pair of mobras reised their heads to stare at the strangers

for a moment, and then resumed their grazing. Daredevil frowned thoughtfully as he glanced at

the broken cages.

As they reached the doorway of the house, Daredevil stepped ahead of his young friends, and peered into the gloomy interior. His skin crawled as directly before his eyes a great black panther rose to its feet, and leaped gracefully out an open window.

The silent little band followed Daredevil into the house, their eyes searching every corner of the room for some new danger. Finally Jock turned to Daredevil. "What-what sort of place is this,

anyway?"

"I think I have it figured out," answered Daredevil. "The answer seems to be that the great Fred Stock is a fake. Obviously, this is where he makes those spine-chilling jungle pictures - with trained animals! The jungle vegetation, the notso-wild animals, all lead to the conclusion that-"

"You certainly do have it figured out, don't you?" The interruption of the heavy, sarcastic voice turned every head to the doorway. Framed in it stood a huge bulk of a man, in his hand, a

large service revolver.

"So you're Fred Stock," said Daredevil calmly. "We've been looking for you. Our plane was damaged in the storm, and we need a boat to

reach the mainland."

Stock grinned crookedly. "You do, eh? Well, I don't believe it will be necessary." Abruptly, the grin changed to a deep scowl. "You fools—do you think I'd let you go with your knowledge of me?"

Daredevil grinned. It was hard to stare straight at Stock, as his eyes caught a movement close to the man in the gloom, but he managed it. "Don't be a fool," he said. "Do you seriously believe you

could get away with it?"
"Why not?" Stock's voice was cold. "No one ever comes-Ouch! Why you little . . . !" But Stock never had a chance to complete his blow at Pee-Wee, who had crept to him in the gloom and sunk his teeth in Stock's leg. Faster than the eye could follow, Daredevil's fist found its mark on the point of the big man's chin. Stock's heavy body was lifted from the floor and hurled to the corner of the room, where he lay quite indifferent to his surroundings.

"Nice going, Pee-Wee" said Daredevil. "Now listen to me, all of you. I don't think we'll have trouble with the animals, but in case we do, here's

my plan."

A few minutes later, Stock came to and glared at his captors. "You'll never get away with this. My animals love me. All I have to do is call them, like this . . ." Stock opened his mouth to yell, and Pee-Wee stuffed the handkerchief he had been holding in his hand into the gaping hole.

"Thank you, Mr. Stock," said Pee-Wee. "That

was very helpful of you!"

Daredevil grinned down at the furious Stock. "That will keep you from calling your pets," he said. "Shall we go now?"

A moment later, a strange little procession started

out for the boathouse.

In the lead was Pee-Wee, lugging the huge lunch basket. Next came Daredevil, the animal trainer slung over his shoulder, and bringing up the rear came the rest of the Wise Guys, sticking as close to Daredevil's heels as possible.

The first animal to encounter the parade was a huge ape. Cautiously he drew near, peering suspiciously. Stock squirmed and mumbled, and Dare-

devil shook him sternly.

"Keep still, brother," he warned. "Okay, kids

-into your act!"

Immediately the Wise Guys broke into a mixture of talk and snatches of song, posing as a carefree bunch completely unmindful of the huge simian approaching them. Pee-Wee opened the basket,

and peered judiciously into its interior.

"Now I would imagine that Mr. Ape would go for a pickle," said Pee-Wee, extracting a huge, dripping object. "Here you are, Monk-have one!" He tossed the pickle high in the air. The ape leaped, deftly snatched the object flying past his head, and sat down on the ground to examine it. With pleased grunts, he nibbled at this new delicacy, and then rising, he followed along at a discreet distance, evidently hoping for a repetition of the game.

"That seems to be the answer, Pee-Wee," said Daredevil. "Here comes that lion again. What do you have in the larder for a hungry lion?"

"Well," said Pee-Wee, "we have some sliced ham. I hope he likes that better than small boys on the hoof." He tossed a fistful of meat in the lion's path. The great beast sniffed, gobbled up the morsel, and fell in behind, purring deep in his throat.

And so it went. The panther, two hyenas and a beautiful spotted leopard had soon discovered the bonanza, and joined the parade. The Wise Guys sang and laughed lustily, and Pee-Wee gaily dispensed the basket lunch among the pack of animals.

A few moments later they came out on the beach, and there before them was a trim motor launch moored at a small dock. Daredevil dumped Stock into the rear seat, started the motor, and grinned at Pee-Wee.

"Okay, Tarzan," he said, "Toss the rest of the

food to your pals and we're off."

"About time," said Pee-Wee. "We're just about out of supplies." He tossed the basket to the dock into the midst of the little menagerie, and sank down with a sigh.

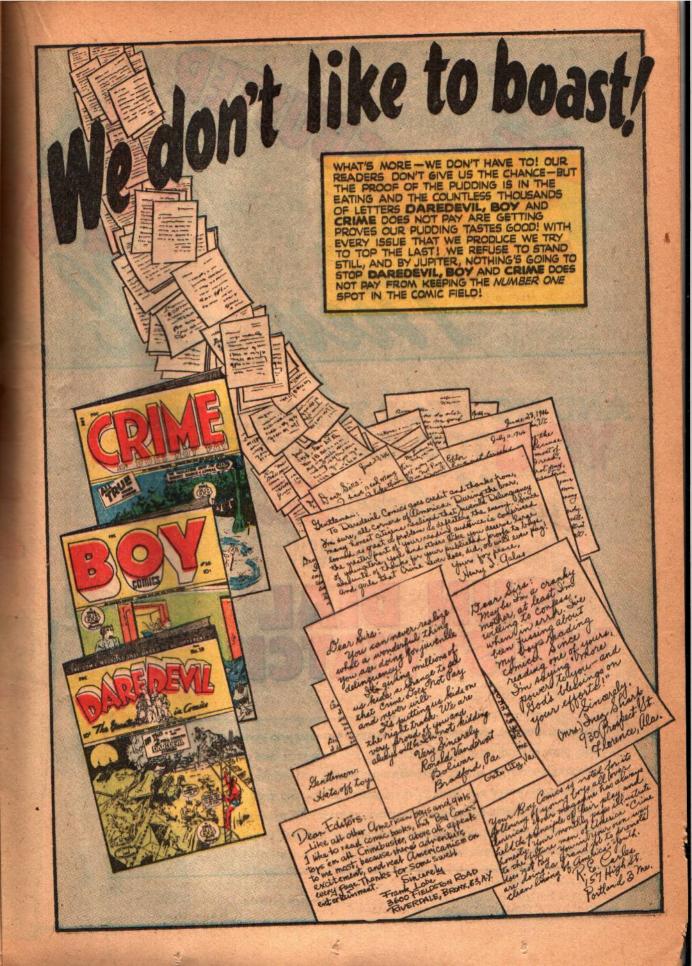
Daredevil playfully tousled the little fellow's hair. "Pee-Wee," he said. "I think you have a great future in the animal world."

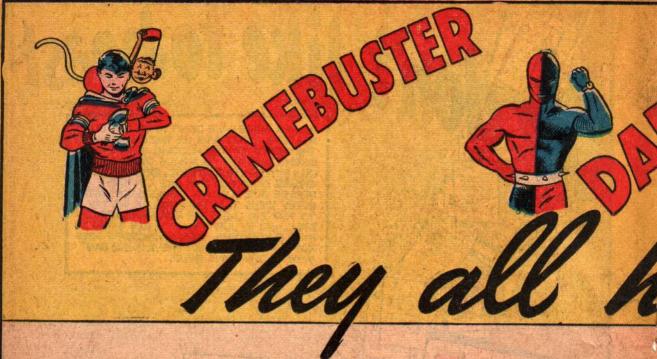
"Not me!" Pee-Wee's voice was positive. Those animals may have been not-so-wild, but they were bad enough for me. "I wouldn't-Hey! Oh my Gosh! I forgot to . . ."

"What Pee-Wee," said Daredevil. "What did

you forget?"

"I completely forgot to save one of those sandwiches for myself." mourned Pee-Wee.





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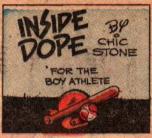
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INDURER.

Story by CHARLES

BIRO

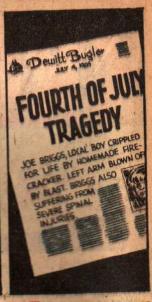


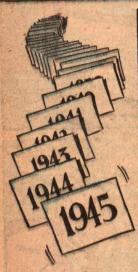




































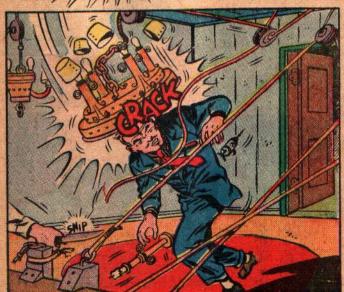








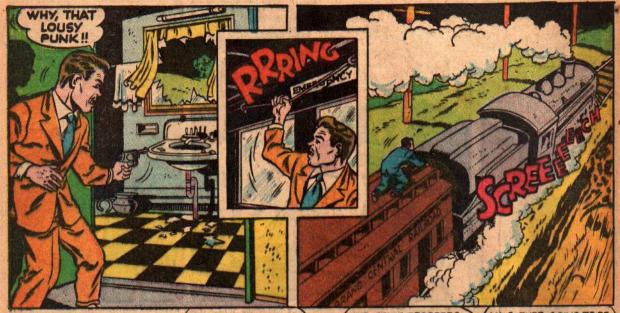






























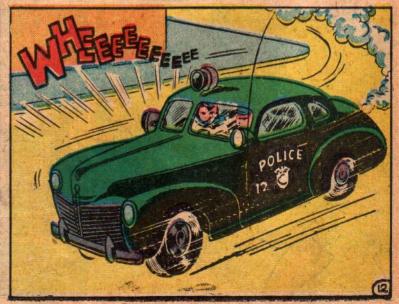




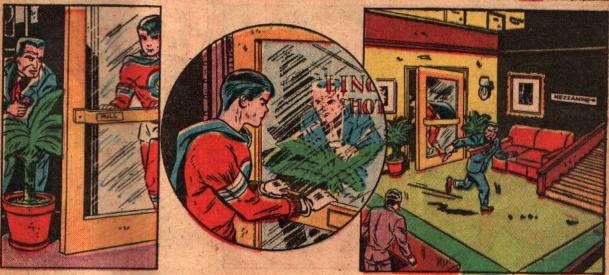


























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AN' THAT'S THE WHOLE



















































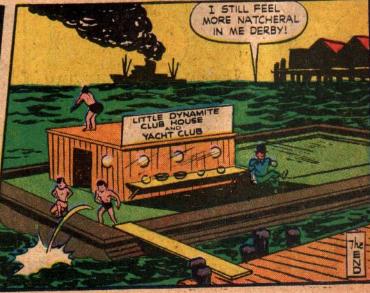


















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